Hagar and the Angel
A Tale of the God Who Sees
Grace Hassan

Gather close friends. Let me tell you the tale of a woman cast out, a mother who wandered the desert with nothing but her breath and her unborn child, and found the Divine, waiting for her there. This is a story passed through great rivers of faith; Jewish, Christian, & Muslim. And it still sings in the dry wind and the stony places.

In the beginning of the heat, she ran from the tent; from the glances, from the weight of being other, unchosen, unwanted, bound by name but never belonging. Her name was Hagar, a stranger, a servant, a woman heavy with child. And though the world has cast her out, the wilderness did not.

"Is this" she cried, "What obedience brings? A womb used, a soul discarded? Did you see me, God? Or am I just a shadow in Sarah's tent, a vessel with no voice?"

And in that silence, between the ache and the dust, a presence stirred. Not in thunder, not in flame, but in the hush that made her still. Then came a voice, not of man nor woman, but something more — light woven into speech.

"Hagar, servant of Sarah, where have you come from and where are you going?

She stood, wrapped in the wind. "I flee from the face of my mistress" she answered, "From a life that is not my own."

"Return," the voice replied. "Not to be bound again, but to become something more. Your son will be wild as the desert wind, free and fierce. A great people shall rise from him and you, Hagar, you have been seen."

And in that moment she wept, not in despair but in recognition. The Divine had come not in the temple, nor scroll, but in her exile, in her hunger, in her loneliness.

"You," she whispered, "are Elroy the God Who Sees, for I have seen the one who looks upon me and lived."

She named the place "The Well of the Living One Who Sees Me." And in that naming, she claimed her place; not as a possession, but as a prophetess. She returned yes, but never again as the same woman, for the desert had taught her the holiness of survival.

"I see you, Hagar. I see the cast out, the weary, the wild. I am the God of the Margins, the wellspring in the waste. Name me as you will. I <u>will</u> answer."

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So as she bore her son in a world that did not welcome her, yet walked as one who had seen the face of the Divine. And though the scrolls and stories forgot her voice, the desert remembers, the wind remembers, and the women who walk alone remember; that the wilderness is holy, that survival is sacred, and that there is a God Who Sees.

And that my friend, is the tale I leave you with today, of a woman seen not by the ones who held her but by the one who watched her from the wilderness.

May you remember this, that exile does not erase your worth, that the margins are not empty, that the well still waits in the heat of the day.

Go gently and know that you are seen.